

**N. P. MINOR,**  
Attorney at Law,  
LOUISIANA, MISSOURI,  
WILL practice in the counties of Callaway,  
Montgomery, Lincoln, Pike and Ralls.  
aug 8 at

**A. H. BUCKNER** | **E. A. LEWIS.**  
**BUCKNER & LEWIS,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
ST. CHARLES, MO.

PRACTICE in the Circuit Courts of St. Charles  
Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln counties,  
the District Court of St. Charles and the Supreme  
Court at St. Louis. [Oct. 26, 1866: n4]

**C. M. B. THURMOND,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
NO. 318 CHESTNUT STREET,  
(Kensett Building)  
ST. LOUIS, MO.,

**JOSEPH B. ALLEN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
AND AGENT MARITAL STATE INS. CO.,  
AND N. Y. CONTINENTAL LIFE INS. CO.  
Troy, Missouri.

WILL practice in all the Courts of the third  
Judicial Circuit. All business entrusted to  
his care will be promptly attended to.  
Dec. 12, 1865. n1

**R. D. WALTON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Troy, Lincoln County, Mo.  
WILL practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial  
District. [Feb 13 v3at]

**F. T. WILLIAMS,**  
Attorney at Law,  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Troy, Lincoln County,  
MISSOURI.  
December 12, 1865: n1 ly

**DR. J. C. GOODRICH**  
DENTIST,  
Office Wentzville Mo.  
Nitrous Oxid Gas administered for the painless  
removal of teeth.  
At Troy the last week of each month.  
[Reference, my old patrons,  
June 28, 1867.]

**MAX MARTINIK,**  
TAILOR,  
Is now located in the "OLD POST-OFFICE  
BUILDING," a few doors west of W. A. Jack-  
son's store, where he is prepared to do  
CUTTING AND ALL KINDS OF TAILORING,  
to the satisfaction of his customers, and for the  
most reasonable prices.  
DON'T FAIL TO GIVE HIM A CALL.  
sep 26 '67 n40 Gm

**WM. DAVISON,**  
WATCH & CLOCK  
MAKER,  
One Door North of the Town Hall,  
TROY, MO.  
Jewelry of all kinds made to order, and  
all work warranted.  
Oct 24, '67 n44

**Stephenson House,**  
Wright City.  
THIS HOUSE has recently opened for the ac-  
commodation of the traveling public. The  
house is new, well furnished, and every attention  
given to its patrons to make it pleasant to trav-  
elers who may wish to stop over night, or take  
the back to Troy. A share of public patronage  
is respectfully solicited. [Jan 2, 1867, n1]

**Barnum's Hotel,**  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
THE UNDERSIGNED will continue the busi-  
ness under the name and style of FAY & Mc-  
CARTY, Proprietors of Barnum's St. Louis  
Hotel. The house has recently been refurnished  
and fitted up with all the modern improvements  
and conveniences, and as heretofore, will be kept  
as a first class hotel in all respects.  
THUS, FAY,  
St. Louis, Nov. 30, '67. W. M. McCARTY.  
dec 5 '67 n50

**EVERETT HOUSE**  
FOURTH STREET,  
SAINT LOUIS, MO.,  
I. B. GILDERSLEVE, Proprietor.  
The most central location of any house in the city.  
Conduces for all Railroad Trains stop  
passengers in due time, and baggage checked at  
the door, which are advantages equal to any ho-  
tel in the city. [March 15, 1867]

**ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,**  
(Formerly Galt House),  
ST. LOUIS, MO.  
The subscriber, formerly Joint proprietor of the  
Everett House, takes pleasure in announcing to  
his friends and the public generally, that he has  
taken the above Hotel, which he has refitted and  
refurnished. The tables will be supplied with the  
best the market affords. No attention will be  
wanting to make the guests friends of the Saint  
Nicholas.  
May 3 1867 n19

**CITY HOTEL,**  
St. Charles, Missouri.  
THIS hotel, having undergone a thorough  
cleaning and remodeling is now newly fur-  
nished and fitted up in first-class style for the  
accommodation of the traveling public as well as  
of home patrons. A well-stocked bar room is  
connected, where the choicest of Wines, Liquors,  
Cigars, &c., are kept.  
July 9, 1866  
CLEMENS RESS, Proprietor.

**OVER THE RIVER.**  
Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've passed to the other side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;  
He crooned the twilight hymn and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of The City we could not see;  
Over the River, over the River,  
My brother stands ready to welcome me.

Over the River the Boatmen pale  
Carried another—the household pet;  
Her bright curls wave in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie, I see her yet!  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We saw she is safe on the other side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
Over the River, over the River,  
My childhood's idols are waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
We catch a gleam of the snowy sail,  
And lo, they have passed from our heart—  
They cross the river and are gone for aye!  
We cannot under the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their bark is no more  
Shall sail with ours on life's stormy sea,  
Yet somehow I hope on the unseen shore  
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I set and think when the sunset's gold  
Is fading river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale  
To the better shore of the spirit land!  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet shall the meeting be,  
When over the River, over the River,  
The angel death shall carry me.

—MISS PRIEST.

**JESSIE GLENBURN'S GUIDE.**  
There lived once in a lonely Scottish  
farmhouse a family named Glenburn.  
It consisted of an old man and his wife, and  
their grand daughter, a young woman of  
seventeen years, and two ancient servants.  
Save in the busy harvest time, no other  
help was needed on the little place,  
though old Glenburn was not poor, but  
well enough off to be considered quite a  
great man by the poor cottagers, and to  
be looked to for many acts of charity,  
when crops failed and rents raised, and  
sheep had died off. It was a frugal and  
careful giving surely, but it was kindly,  
too, and though no tipping beggar ever  
had a penny to spend for drink, oatmeal  
and bacon filled many otherwise empty  
stomachs from the Glenburn farm, and  
many cold feet were warmed with the  
worsted stockings, for which the wool  
grew on the backs of the Glenburn farm  
sheep.  
But best of all in works of charity was  
Jessie Glenburn. Her blue eyes and gold  
den hair and plump, well rounded form,  
were welcomed by the poor as some vision  
of saints or angels might have been, for  
she not only gave, but comforted. Old  
Glenburn and his wife were just a little  
proud to speak of misfortunes as well-  
served judgments, and to prophecy future  
woe; but Jessie always had a word of  
hope, and a compassionate glance, a re-  
membrance that oftentimes, whom the  
Lord loveth He chasteneth.  
People who were in dilemmas always  
hoped to get Jessie Glenburn's ear, even  
if no more came of it, rather than that of  
her grandparents.  
One longed particularly to do this who  
hovered about the house one bitter winter  
night, peeping through the shutters, from  
which the golden lamplight streamed,  
and growing colder and hungrier every  
moment. At last, in a sort of despera-  
tion, she tapped at the door, and it was  
opened to her by Maggie, the old servant  
woman.  
"Who's there?" she cried, as she peeped  
out into the darkness. "Why it's us  
Jean M'Comb!" and the "you" said  
volumes.  
"It's just me," said the woman, with a  
faint sigh, "and let me speak to the mis-  
tress. I've walked miles and miles since  
nightfall. Just let me speak to her, or to  
Miss Jessie."  
"Wait, and I'll see," said Maggie shut-  
ting the door in her face and going back  
to the warm kitchen with the news that  
Jean M'Comb was without.  
"Jean M'Comb! What call has that  
good-for-naught at honest folk's doors,"  
said Mrs. Glenburn.  
"She's come to beg, no doubt," said  
Maggie. "I've heard she and her child  
were starving and I didn't know her at  
once, her eyes are so hollow, and her cheeks  
so thin. It's no Jean M'Comb that  
stands there, but her ghost!"  
"Bid her come in, Maggie," said Jes-  
sie, from her seat by the fire; "said or  
good, it will not hurt us to give her a  
heating."  
And before Mrs. Glenburn could inter-  
pose, or the old man rise from his chair,  
Jean had entered the room and stood  
before them. A wretched spectacle,  
Heaven knows—was worn and ragged,  
she looked at them sadly and wrung  
her hands.  
"Dinna look so stern," she sobbed.  
"I can't expect friendly welcome, but  
just have pity. I'd nae hae crossed your  
sill but for the bairn. I'd hae starved  
my sinner, but how could I see him die?  
and he will, if I can't feed and warm him  
in the bit hut on the hill side. There's  
none of my kin left but my brother at  
Abbeyside, and he cursed me long ago,  
and wouldn't lift a hand to save me.  
And I've come to you not as an old time

friend, but as a beggar. Give me bread  
for my bairn, and I'll pray day and night  
for ye."

"Gin ye had prayed for yourself, Jean,  
long ago, 'twould have been better for ye,"  
said Mrs. Glenburn. "And as for the  
bairn, 'tis a sin, as ye no wool. Jean  
M'Comb, that he's there at a. But it's  
not his fault, and that's why I'll e'en list-  
en to ye. Maggie fill the sack with the  
same you gave Ann Hol, fair honest body,  
and gie it to Jean. Ye keep the sack,  
for it's old."

And the broad back was turned, and  
the stern eyes bent upon the knitting,  
determined not to see the tear-stricken  
face again.  
Poor Jean! Once she had been a wel-  
come guest beneath that roof. Formerly  
she had often sat before the fire, with her  
arms around Jessie's waist, for they had  
been friends, though she was six years  
the elder. No one made her sit, no one  
gave her hand or smile. Even Jessie  
only hid her face and wept.

Maggie filled the sack and put it on  
Jean's shoulder, and the girl crept out  
into the night with anguish in her heart.  
She had been very proud once, and now  
it was only "the bairn" that kept her  
from flinging the cold gift of charity upon  
the floor, and going away to starve. But  
the bairn was remembered, and for his  
sake thanked them as she went.

But on the porch the keen wind cut  
her like a knife through her thin clothing,  
and she drew back shivering, only for a  
moment, as one shrinks from the cold  
plunge into a bath but in that moment  
two arms were thrown about her, and a  
warm cheek touched her own. Jessie  
had followed her. She had a rough frieze  
cloak on her arm, and this she folded  
softly about Jean, and whispered:  
"Oh, poor lass! poor lass! 'Twill  
break my heart to think of you to night.  
I can't forget the old times if the rest  
can." And then she wept on her breast.

"Ye were aye an angel Jessie," she  
said sadly. "I've been an ill woman, but  
I've never learnt not to love ye."  
"I dare not stay," said Jessie, but I'll  
not forget ye. I'll see ye soon some-  
where. Ah, if I had not had a mother's  
mother to care for me when my own  
mother died, I might have known no bet-  
ter than you."

"No, no," said Jean. "I know better,  
but I listened to the devil when he  
tempted me. The good Lord bless ye,  
Jessie. Yer pity is warmer to my heart  
than the warm cloak ye have wrapped  
about me."

And Jean kissed her once more and  
stole away; she tramped through the snow  
along the dreary road.  
All through the dreary night Jessie  
thought of her wretched friend, and in  
the morning she rose betimes, full of  
plans for her good—plans in which she  
knew the old people would not co op-  
erate. Jean had once said that if she were  
away from the place where all knew her  
she would be able to work enough to keep  
herself from want. But she could not  
travel penniless to a great city with the  
boy, and at 8—, the very children knew  
that Jean M'Comb was to be shunned as  
in evil thing.

Up in Jessie Glenburn's chest were  
three silver pounds hoarded, for she had  
earned them with her own hand, spinning  
flax. "They were her very own and two  
of them would perhaps save Jean M'Comb,  
who wanted, Jessie knew, to be good, but  
could not make any one believe it who  
knew about the bairn. Jessie had Scotch  
blood enough in her veins to value money.  
It was a struggle to take two of these  
pounds from the piece of snow white linen  
in which they were folded, but she did it,  
and then saying nothing to any one  
wrapped herself in hood and plaid, and  
crossed the hill to Jean M'Comb's hut.

The wind was rising, the clouds grew  
darker and darker, but Jessie thought of  
nothing but her errand, and when at last  
the miserable little hut was reached, Jean  
saw her smiling at the door, with golden  
hair blown back by the wind, and almost  
thought the was an angel.

Then kneeling beside her, Jessie told  
why she had come, and laid the money  
on her knee, and Jean this time did not  
weep. She only clasped her hands in  
both of hers and trembled from head to  
foot.

"I'll take your two pounds, Jessie  
Glenburn," she said, "and I'll gang to  
Edinburgh with my bairn, and I'll work  
and pray and the good God helping me  
some day I'll pay you back the silver.  
And if I don't, He will in His ain way."  
And one thing I'll swear, Jessie Glen-  
burn; I'll die before I'll sin more, except  
as we all must. I've had dark hours and  
sore temptations. I'll have them yet  
believe, but I'll resist them."

And in her face Jessie saw something  
better than her spoken vow.  
And that day, and that hour, wrapped  
in her frieze cloak, but barefooted and  
bareheaded, poor Jean M'Comb of med  
into the state that went towards Edin-  
burgh, and Jessie from the roadside saw  
her go. Then she turned to see her own  
comfortable house once more. It was  
later than she had thought, and the snow  
storm that had been threatened for hours  
was upon the hills at last. Jessie was  
stout and light at foot, but she found it  
hard to make her way against the wind  
and the binding snow drifts. Besides,  
the road was not quite familiar, and at  
some turnings she hesitated. At which  
she took the wrong one, she never knew;  
but just as the last light of day departed,  
and only a cold grey twilight remained,  
she discovered that she had lost herself.

It was a terrible discovery. There was  
no house for miles. It was nearly dark.  
Those at home could not guess her where-  
abouts, and would, perhaps conclude that  
she had been detained for the night at  
her cousins, where she often visited.

Nothing seemed more likely than that  
she was doomed to perish in the moun-  
tains.

Jessie loved life, and death seemed ter-  
rible to contemplate. Visions of her  
grandparents' grief and of the sorrows of  
a certain Malcolm Maxwell, who had  
broken a sixpence with her only a week  
before, arose before her mind. She drew  
her half of the sixpence from her bosom,  
where it hung from a blue ribbon, and  
kissed it fondly.

"Someither lass maun be your wife,  
Malcolm," she sobbed. "I'll never see  
dawn. I'm freezing now," and then a  
struggle with her fate again, and fought  
her way through the snow, now thick and  
white, until, unable to go further, she  
sank down beneath an overhanging oak.  
Then, knowing all was over she began  
to pray—not for her life, but for her  
soul.

Suddenly a hand touched her on the  
shoulder. She looked up with a low cry  
and saw a woman near her—a tall, pale  
woman, with a very beautiful face, and  
the peculiarity which black eyes and  
golden hair give to a woman's face. She  
wore a white dress and a plain kerchief  
and on her bosom hung a little ruby heart  
by a golden chain.

She said no word to Jessie, but as she  
touched her, the girl felt new strength  
infused into her frame.

Unresistingly she gave her hand to the  
woman, who strangely enough, was vis-  
ible amid the obscurity of surrounding  
objects, and conscious only of strange  
electric shocks running through her fin-  
gers, she was led over black roads, through  
narrow passes, and almost perpendicular  
declivities, until a low her she reached the  
red lights of the farm house, and she heard  
her grandmother's voice calling to the  
man in the barnyard. Then the woman  
dropped her hand raised her own as in a  
blessing, smiled and was gone—where or  
how Jessie never knew.

A few steps more and home was reached,  
and she fell into her grandmother's arms.  
For some days she was very ill and  
unable to talk much. All that she would  
tell was that she had been lost in the  
snow and had been very much frightened;  
but as she grew better, the remembrance  
of her singular guide haunted her.

Either the cold had had some strange  
effect upon her hands, or those of the  
woman were not flesh and blood, but of  
some strange electrical substance; and  
then how could she walk in pure white  
and uncovered, through the storm, had  
she been an actual woman? At last she  
said to her grandmother:

"Granny, do you ken a woman, not  
much older than I, wi' black eyes and  
golden hair, and the skin like some white  
lily, wi' a dimple in one cheek, and on  
her neck a chain with a red heart?"

The old woman clasped her hands.  
"Ye canna ken your mither, for she  
died when you were born," she said;  
"but so she lookt, and I remember when  
your father brought her home, seeing her  
stand where you stand now, in a white  
dress, wi' the Campbell tartan in her  
handkerchief, and a little heart lik a drop  
of bluid at her throat; and then with a  
strange solemn terror upon her, Jessie  
kneelt at her grandmother's knee and told  
all.

From that day the little household  
always believed that Jessie Glenburn's  
mother had left heaven to guide her  
through that bitter storm upon that bleak  
hill-side, and from that time Jessie felt  
sure that those "two pounds" had saved  
Jean M'Comb and her bairn.

And at last when years had gone by  
and pretty Jessie had become a matron  
and dwelt with her husband in her own  
home, and long after the good old folks  
were at rest forever, one day a tall dark  
well-dressed woman, with a youth by her  
side, stopped at the farmhouse door, and  
asked for Mrs. Maxwell. Coming to it,  
Jessie saw Jean once more—Jean and  
her son almost a man. And the two wo-  
men now wept in each other's arms, and  
Jean to do how she had been blessed, and  
how those two pounds had kept her un-  
til she had work to do, and how she had  
been for years housekeeper for two old  
people, who dying, had left her well off  
for life; and how, for all this next to  
God, she thanked Jessie, and had taught  
her boy to thank her, all his life. Then  
when the day was fast departing she took  
her departure, first putting in Jessie's  
hand a little package.

"Can ye pay the debt," she said;  
"but let me just gie back the silver,"  
and Jessie took it, for Jean was rich now, and  
she was not.

And when on opening the package, she  
found not two pounds, but twenty, Jes-  
sie was not hurt rather pleased; and the  
money, as though it had been blessed,  
sowed the seed for future prosperity in  
Malcolm Maxwell's household.

**The Canadian Indians.**

The transfer of the Hudson Bay Com-  
pany's territory to the Canadian Govern-  
ment renders probable an unlooked for  
difficulty with the Indians in British  
North America. The Hudson's Bay  
Company has never acknowledged Indian  
rights or title to the lands in which the  
company has heretofore collected its furs,  
nor has there been any treaty or friendly  
understanding with the Indians. The  
opening of their lands now to settlers  
threatens difficulties with the Indians,  
and the proposition is made to take mea-  
sures to settle the tribes on reserves set  
apart for them by the government. But  
suppose they will not move? It is feared  
the opposition to such removals will lead  
to wars between the government and the  
Indians, which will open the same fertile  
field of constant trouble and expense  
manifest in the Western territories of the  
United States.

**Giants of Olden Times.**

In one of his recent lectures, Professor  
Silliman, the younger, alluded to the dis-  
covery of the skeleton of an enormous  
lizard of eighty feet. From this the pro-  
fessor inferred, as no living specimen of  
such magnitude has been found, that  
the species which it represents has be-  
come degenerated. The verity of his  
position he endeavored to enforce by an  
allusion to the well known existence  
of giants in olden times. The following  
is the list on which this singular hypoth-  
esis is based:

The giant exhibited at Rouen in 1830,  
the professor says, measured nearly eight-  
teen feet.

Goropius saw a girl that was ten feet  
high.

The giant Calabra, brought from  
Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar,  
was ten feet high.

Fannum, who lived in the time of Eu-  
gene II., measured 11½ feet.

The Cavalier Serog, in his voyage to  
the Peak of Teneriffe, found in one of  
the caverns of that mountain, the head of  
Gulich, who had sixty teeth and was not  
less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferregus, slain by Orlando,  
nephew of Charlemagne, was twenty eight  
feet high.

In 1814, near St. Gorman, was found  
the tomb of the giant Lorent, who was  
not less than thirty feet high.

In 1850, near Rouen, was found a skele-  
ton whose skull held a bushel of corn,  
and was nineteen feet high.

The giant Bacart was twenty two feet  
high; his thigh bones were found in 1704,  
near the river Modere.

In 1825, near the castle in Dauphine,  
a tomb was found 30 feet long, 16 wide,  
and 8 high, on which was cut in gray  
stone these words: "Kintolochus Rex."  
The skeleton was found entire 25½ feet  
long, 10 across the shoulders, and 5 feet  
from the breast bone to the back.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, in 1510, was  
found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet  
high, and in 1550, another thirty-four  
feet long.

Near Mazzino, in Sicily in 1815, was  
found the skeleton of a giant thirty feet  
high, the head was the size of a hoghead,  
and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

We have no doubts that there were  
"giants in those days," and the past per-  
haps was more prolific in producing them  
than the present. But the history of  
giants during the olden time was not  
more remarkable than that of dwarfs, sev-  
eral of whom were even smaller than  
Thumbs and Nuts of our own time.

**The Romance of the Diving Bell.**

John G. Green, of Buffalo, had the  
reputation of being the best diver on the  
lakes, and there are few sailors who have  
not heard of him, and his feats. A few  
days since he committed suicide, and the  
Buffalo Express relates an incident in his  
life as follows:

"John G. Green, the diver, whose un-  
happy death by his own hands we chron-  
icled yesterday, was in his time the prin-  
cipal actor in a little drama, the story of  
which is an illustration of the fact that  
as we unconsciously tread every day on  
the graves of past generations, so we daily  
meet in every walk of life those whose  
hearts are the living tombs of buried  
hopes. Early in life he became deeply  
attached to a young lady in Chelsea, Mas-  
sachusetts, the beautiful and accomplished  
daughter of a wealthy citizen. The at-  
tachment was reciprocal, and although  
while the father of the lady looked with no  
favorable eye upon what he considered an  
unequal engagement, he wisely forbore  
from active opposition. In return Green  
pledged himself never to claim the hand  
of his affianced until he had accumulated  
sufficient to enable him to retire from a  
vacation so full of peril in its nature and  
uncertain in its results. Lighted on by  
the star of hope he became the most dar-  
ing and enterprising submarine operator  
of his time, now plunging down among  
the weird and yet strangely beautiful  
corals of the tropical seas, which held the  
wrecked galleons of Spain, and then ex-  
ploring the bottom of Lake Erie for the  
sunk treasures of our inland commerce.  
Such enterprise brought its reward, and  
he was enabled to look upon the consum-  
mation of his hopes as very near at hand.  
When he undertook to rescue the treasure  
from the sunken steamer Atlantic he  
meant that it should be his last job o-  
diving, and he communicated this fact  
with radiant face to the few friends who  
shared the cherished secret of his life.  
He entered enthusiastically upon the task,  
and this very impatience proved his ruin.  
During the progress of his work he im-  
prudently insisted on descending while  
warm, against the remonstrances of his  
comrades. The result is known. He  
was seized with paralysis and was dragged  
to the surface more dead than alive.  
From that attack he never recovered.  
He dragged out the miserable remnant of  
his life a melancholy wreck in health and  
hopes. Moody and inconsolable, he  
sought in the intoxicating glass tempo-  
rary relief from the sorrows which op-  
pressed him. At length he rashly ended  
his misery and life altogether, and found  
in the suicide's grave the peace he vainly  
sought elsewhere."

Some of the German papers report  
that the widow of Abraham Lincoln is  
going to take up her residence at Frank-  
fort on the Main, where her income will  
enable her to live in much better style  
than in the United States. She will be  
received in a very flattering manner in  
Germany, where Abraham Lincoln's  
memory is revered no less than in Amer-  
ica; and it is very probable that even the  
royal courts will treat her with as much  
distinction as if she were a sovereign  
princess.

Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin,  
having lost his left arm in battle, recently  
presented a number of odd gloves to  
General Stannard, of Vermont, who has  
lost his right arm. Hereafter they will  
probably do their glove buying in part-  
nership.

The register of colored voters in Au-  
gusta, Ga., shows the names of Daniel  
Webster, Henry Clay, George Washing-  
ton, John Milton, and Thomas Paine.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**

One Square (10 lines) for less, one insertion.....	\$1.00
Each additional insertion.....	50
Administrators' Notices.....	2.00
Final Settlement Notices.....	2.00
Stray Notices (single stray).....	2.00
Each additional stray in some notices.....	1.00
A Liberal Deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.	

**Josh Billings on Milk.**  
I want to say something.  
I want to say something in reference to  
milk as a fertilizer.

There are various kinds of milk. There  
is sweet milk, sour milk, skim milk, but-  
ter milk, cow milk, and the milk of hu-  
man kindness, but the mostest best milk  
is the milk that hasent the most water  
in it. Butter milk isent the best for  
butter.

Milk is spontaneous, and has done  
more to encourage the growth of human  
folks than any other likid.

Milk is lactual; it is also aquatic, while  
under the patronage of milk venders.

It is misterious. Cokernut milk has  
never been solved yet.

Milk is also another name for human  
kindness.

Milk and bread is a pleasant mixer.

Sometimes, if milk is aloud to stand  
too long, a scum rises to the surface,  
which is apt to skare folks that live in  
cities, but it dussent foller that the milk  
is narty. This skum is kalled-kreme by  
folks who inhabit the kuntry.

Kreme is the parent of butter, and but-  
ter is 70 cents a pound.

The most common milk is use, without  
doubt, is skim milk, skim milk is made  
by skimming the milk, which is consid-  
ered sharp praxis.

Milk is obtained from cows, hogs,  
woodchux, rats, sheep, squirrels, and all  
other animals that have hair. Snaiz and  
geese don't give milk.

I forgot to state, in conclusion, that  
cow milk, if well watered, brings 10 cents  
per quart.

**The Patriotic Milkmaid.**

During the war in the Low Countries,  
the Spaniards intended to besiege the city  
of Dort, in Holland, and accordingly  
planted some thousand soldiers in am-  
bush to be ready for the attack when op-  
portunity might offer. On the confines  
of the city lived a rich farmer, who kept  
a number of cows on his grounds to fur-  
nish the city with butter and milk. His  
milkmaids at this time coming to milk  
their cows, saw, under the hedges, the  
soldiers lying in ambush; they, however,  
appeared to take no notice, and having  
milked their cows, went away singing  
merrily. On coming to their master's  
house, they told him what they had seen,  
who, astonished at their relation, took  
one of the maids with him to a burgo-  
master at Dort, who immediately sent a  
spy to ascertain the truth of the story.  
Finding the report correct, he began to  
prepare for safety, and instantly sent to  
the States, who ordered soldiers into the  
city, and commanded the river to be let  
in by a certain sluice, which would fu-  
stantly put that part of the country un-  
der water where the besiegers lay in am-  
bush. This was forthwith done, and a  
great number of the Spaniards were  
drowned; the rest being disappointed in  
their design, escaped, and the town was  
thus saved. The States, to commemo-  
rate the merry milkmaid's service to their  
country, bestowed on the farmer a large  
annual revenue, to compensate the loss of  
his house, land, and cattle, and caused  
the effigies of a milkmaid milking a cow  
to be engraved on all the coin of the city.  
This impress is still to be seen upon the  
Dort coinage; similar figures were also  
set on the water gate of the Dort; and,  
to complete their munificence, the maiden  
was allowed for her own life, and her  
heirs forever, a very handsome annuity.

**A Secret of Youth.**

There are women who cannot grow old  
women, who without any special effort re-  
main always young and always attrac-  
tive. Their number is smaller than it  
should be, but there is sufficient number  
to mark the wide difference between this  
class and the other. The secret of this  
perpetual youth lies not in the beauty,  
for some women possess it who are not  
at all beautiful; nor in dress, for they  
are frequently careless in that respect, so  
far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fash-  
ion are concerned; nor in having nothing  
to do, for those ever young women are  
always as busy as bees, and it is very  
well known that idleness will fret people  
into old age and ugliness faster than  
overwork. The charm, we imagine,  
lies in the sunny temper—neither more  
nor less—the blessed gift of always look-  
ing on the bright side of life, and of  
stretching the mantle of charity over  
everybody's faults and feelings. It is  
not much of a secret, but it is all that  
we have watched with such great interest  
and a determination to report truthfully  
for the benefit of the sex. It is very  
provoking that it is something which  
can not be corked up, and sold for fifty  
cents a bottle; but this is impossible,  
and is why the most of us will have to  
keep on growing old and ugly and dis-  
agreeable as usual.

A sharp student was called up by the  
worthy professor of a celebrated college,  
and asked the question: "Can a man  
see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the